

A MARVEL®
MAGAZINE

FREDDY KRUEGER'S

A Nightmare

ON ELM STREET.

ILLUSTRATED
HORROR FOR
MATURE READERS

DON'T FALL
ASLEEP —
'CAUSE
FREDDY'S
BACK!

FRIGHT-
FILLED
1ST
ISSUE!

ALL NEW STORIES!



A MARVEL® MAGAZINE



NEW LINE CINEMA

FREDDY KRUEGER'S

A Nightmare

ON ELM STREET™



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"THE BASTARD SON OF A THOUSAND MANIACS!"



SPRINGWOOD.
JUST PAST
MIDNIGHT.

THE RESIDENCE OF
ROGER AND PATTI
HAYES, AND THEIR
DAUGHTER ALLISON.

hup

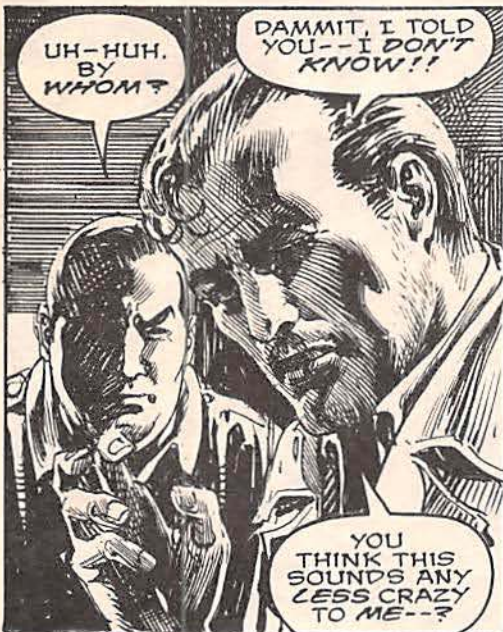
AMB'LANCE
IS HERE,
BABE...

DREAMSTALKER

PART 2

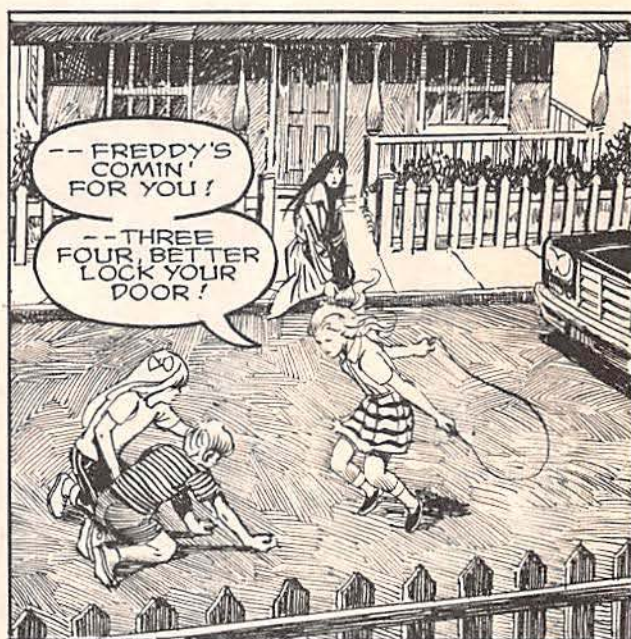




















DAMN YOU, I'M NOT GOING TO DIE!!



YOU WANT TO SEE GUTS-- I'LL SHOW YOU GUTS!

HOW'D YOU LIKE A NICE ORGANIC DICKEY, YOU UGLY BASTARD?!

hrrrgh-- WITH THE LOOSE ENDS TRIMMED--

GLIKK



OH, NO-- I'VE LEARNED THAT TRICK!

hrrrgh-- YES-- I SEE hrrrgh-- YOU HAVE--!



GET THIS STRAIGHT!

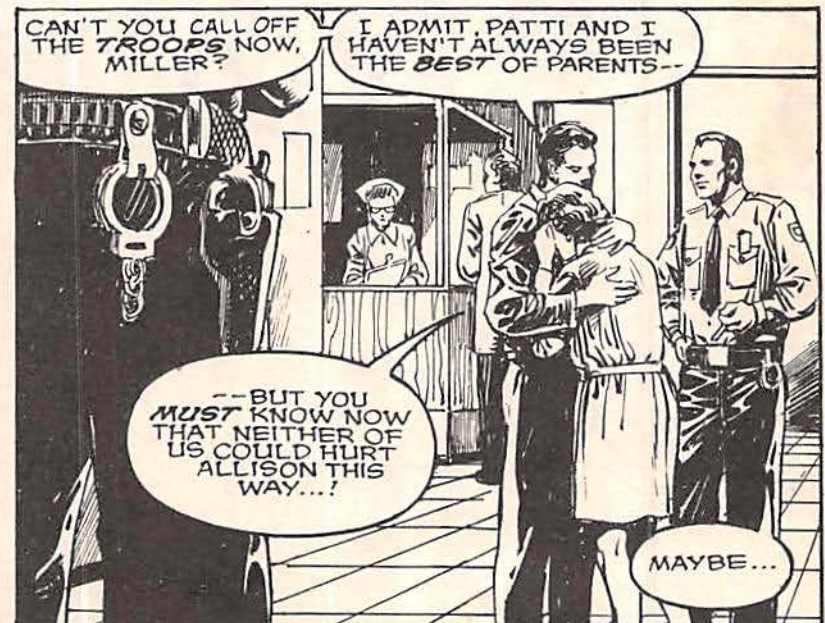
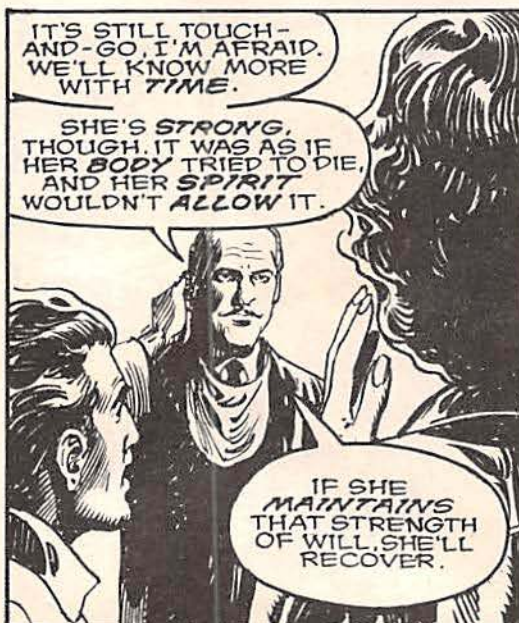
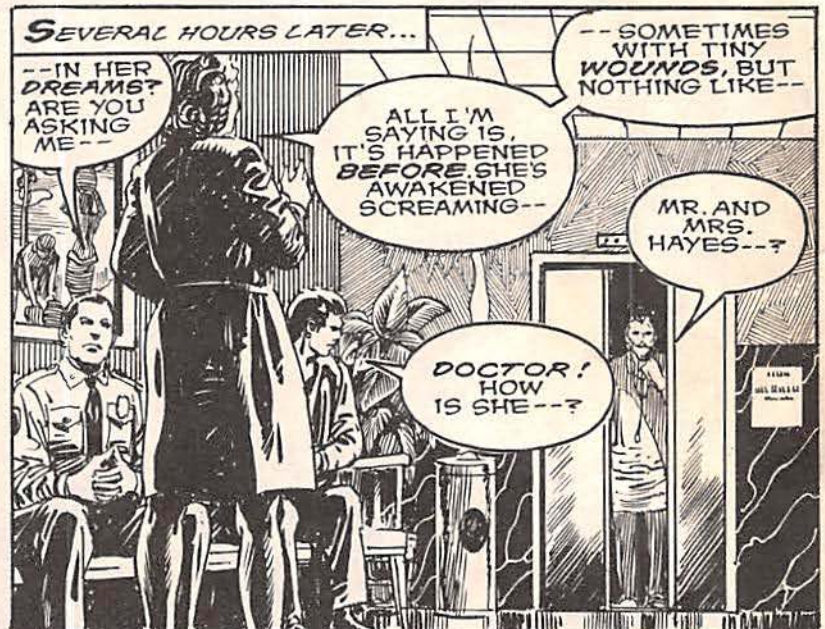
YOU CAN HURT ME-- SCARE ME-- BATTER ME WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE--



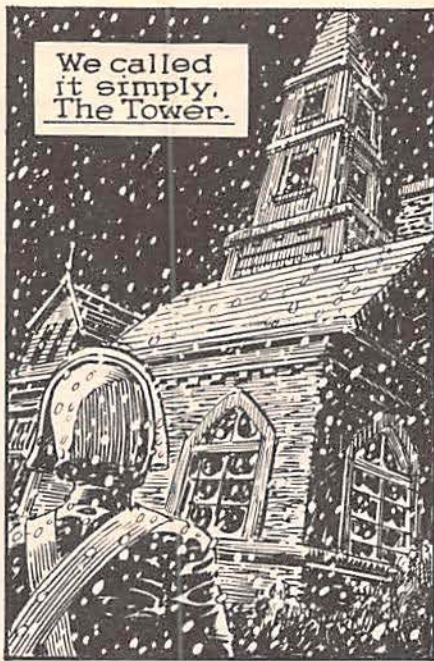
YAAAAAAA
KZZZZT

--BUT I WON'T LET YOU KILL ME!!









We called
it simply.
The Tower.



At the top of its
winding stairs...



...behind a bolted
steel door...

...was hell
on earth.

The air was different up
there--foul-smelling.
Unclean.



Any sudden movement,
the slightest sound--



OH--!

--could be
cause for dread.

SORRY TO STARTLE
YOU, SISTER. I DIDN'T
HEAR YOU ON THE
STAIRS...

IT'S ALL
RIGHT--
REALLY--
I JUST--



BELIEVE
ME, THERE'S
NO NEED TO
EXPLAIN.

ARE YOU--
LEAVING...?

YEAH, SOME EMERGENCY
IN THE WEST WING.
SECURITY STAFF'S AT
MINIMUM, TOO, TILL
THE 26TH.

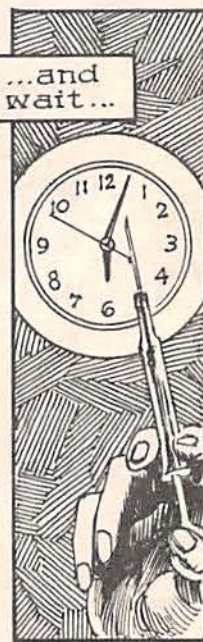
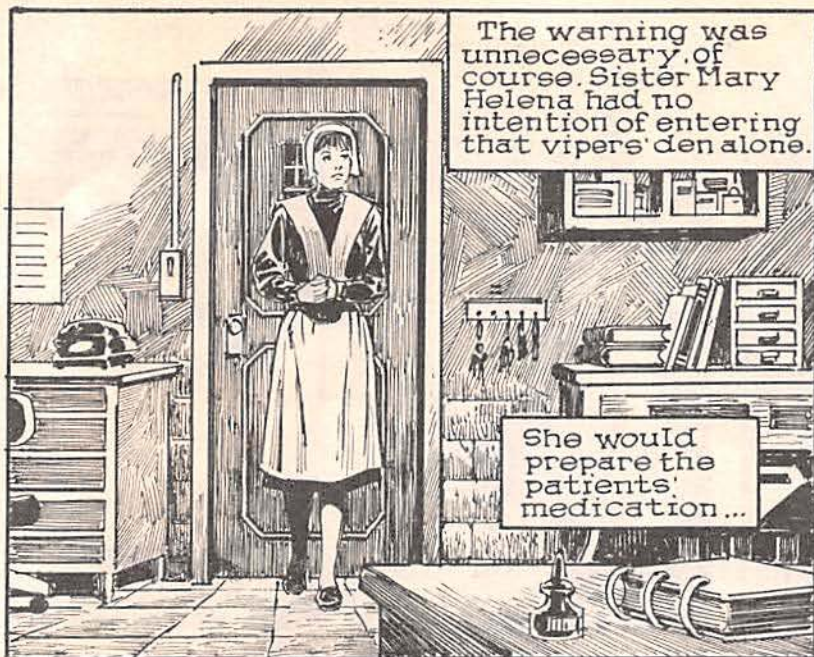


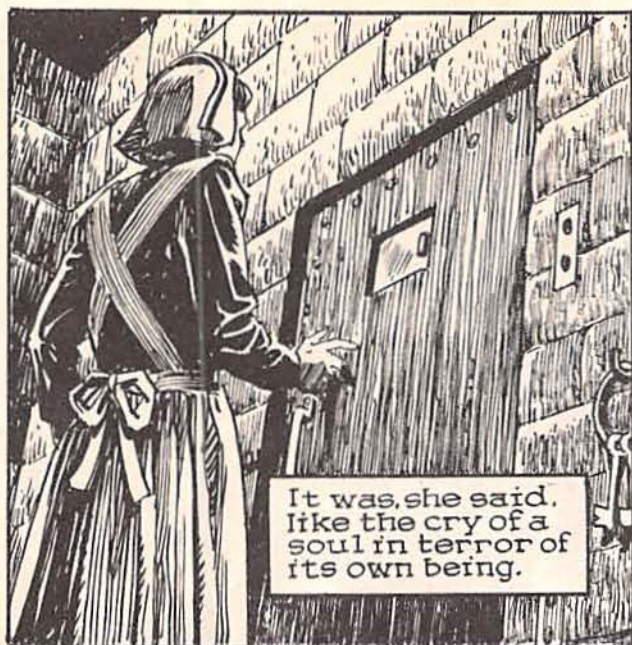
DON'T
WORRY--I
WON'T BE
LONG.

OH, AND NO
MATTER WHAT--

--DON'T GO INTO
THE CAGE TILL I
GET BACK! IS
THAT CLEAR?







It was, she said,
like the cry of a
soul in terror of
its own being.



Conscience
would not
permit her
to ignore it.

Concerned
for the
patients'
safety...



...she peered
inside.



PUNCHA
PUNCHA...

GO
SLOOOOW...

KILL
IT KILL
IT

AHAYAAARRREEE

PAIN
O' THE
WORLD,
PAIN O'
THE
WORLD...



They were the
worst of the
criminally
insane...

...beyond
all help,
beyond all
hope.



In those
days, all we
could do
was lock
them away...



...and keep them
sufficiently
tranquilized to
prevent their
killing one another,
or themselves.



At the moment, she was failing even at that.

Perhaps she could calm him, she thought.



Then she thought better.

Who would calm the others?



But the screaming persisted, and the pounding fists...



...and calling won out over sense.



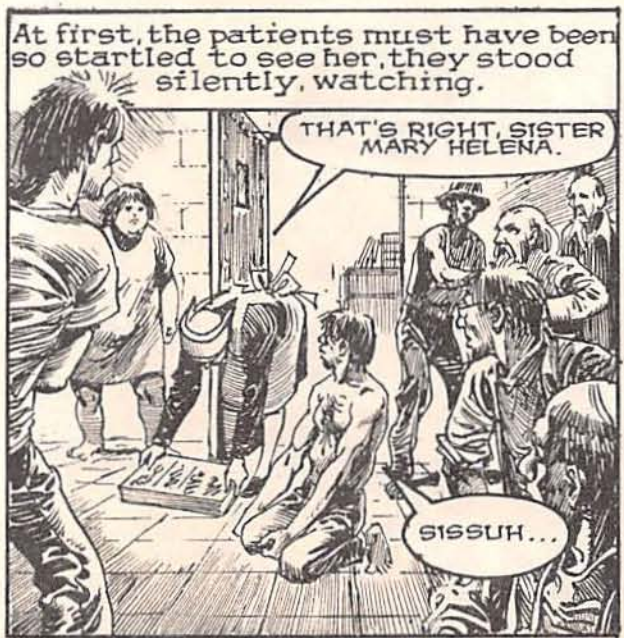
She entered the ward...

SIR...?



LET ME HELP YOU... PLEASE.

SISSUH...?!



At first, the patients must have been so startled to see her, they stood silently, watching.

THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER MARY HELENA.

SISSUH...



...MARY HELENA.

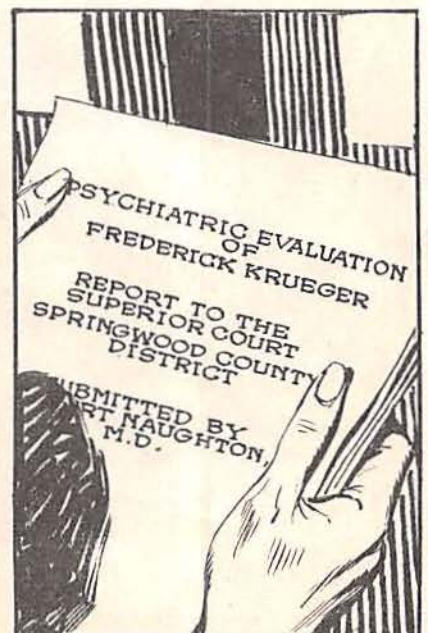
I'LL BE CARING FOR YOU OVER THE HOLIDAYS.

YUH?

BAY-BEE
BAY-BU
BU-BAY



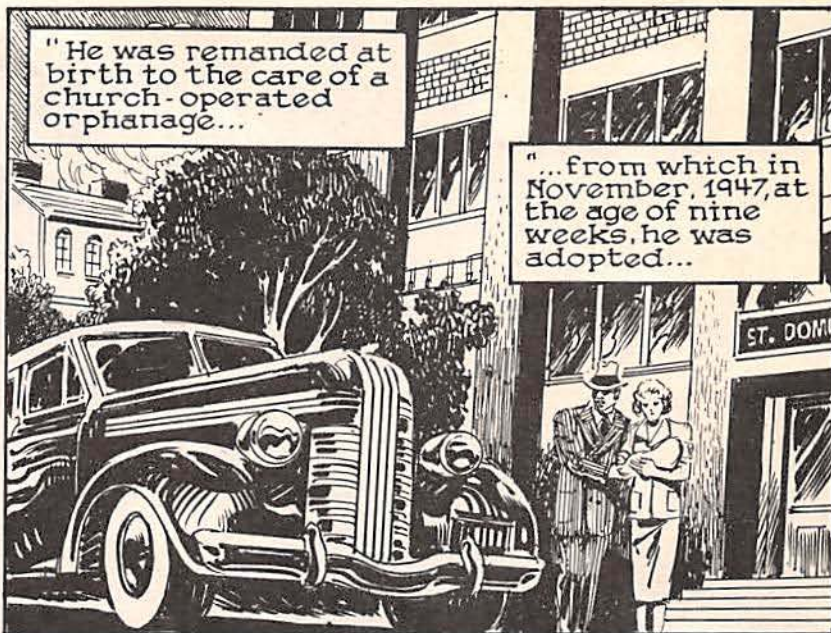




"Subject Frederick Krueger is the son of Sister Mary Helena (born: Amanda Krueger) and an unknown patient at Our Lady of Sorrows Institution for the Mentally III.

"He was remanded at birth to the care of a church-operated orphanage...

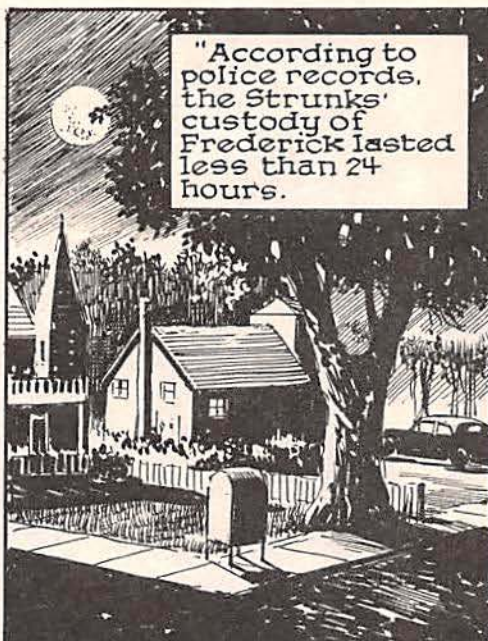
"...from which in November, 1947, at the age of nine weeks, he was adopted...



"...by a real estate agent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Strunk.

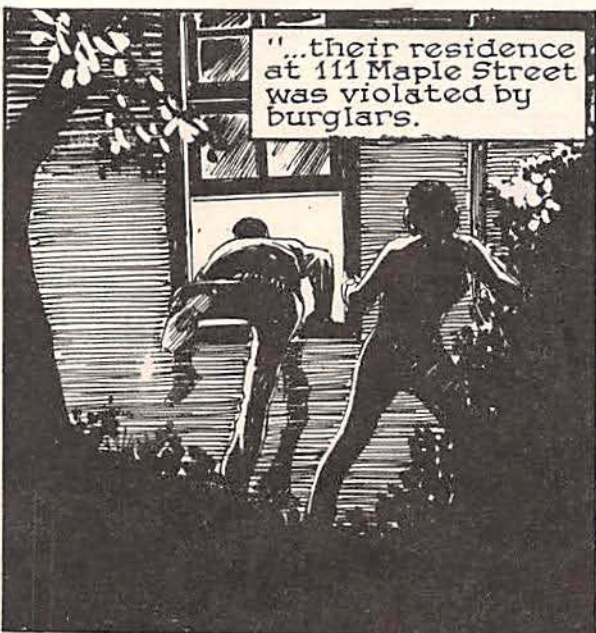
"According to police records, the Strunks' custody of Frederick lasted less than 24 hours.

"On the very night they brought the child home...

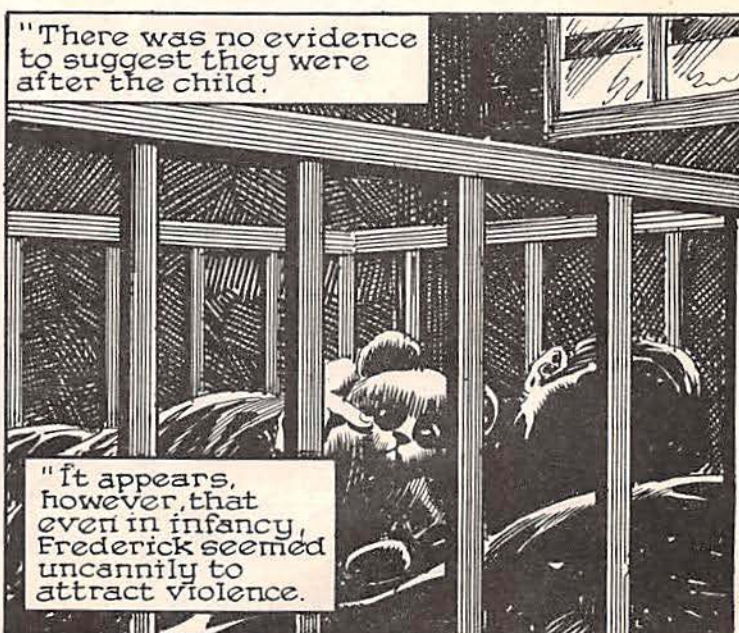


"...their residence at 111 Maple Street was violated by burglars.

"There was no evidence to suggest they were after the child.



"It appears, however, that even in infancy, Frederick seemed uncannily to attract violence.



"Frederick and his newly-adoptive parents apparently slept soundly..."



"...until a noise from the kitchen awakened Mr. Strunk."



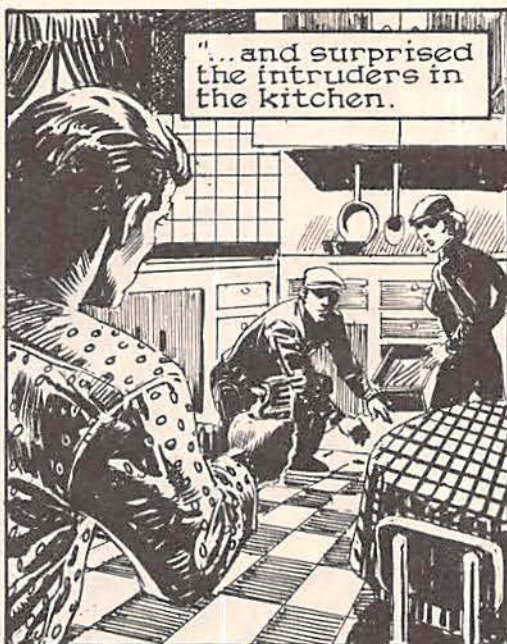
"Taking a gun for protection..."



"...he went to investigate..."



"...and surprised the intruders in the kitchen."



"As startled himself as they were, he fired..."



"...wounding one of the burglars."



"Police theorize he must have advanced on the other, a female..."





"...prompting her to seek the nearest weapon:



"a carving knife...



"...which she summarily buried in Strunk's chest.



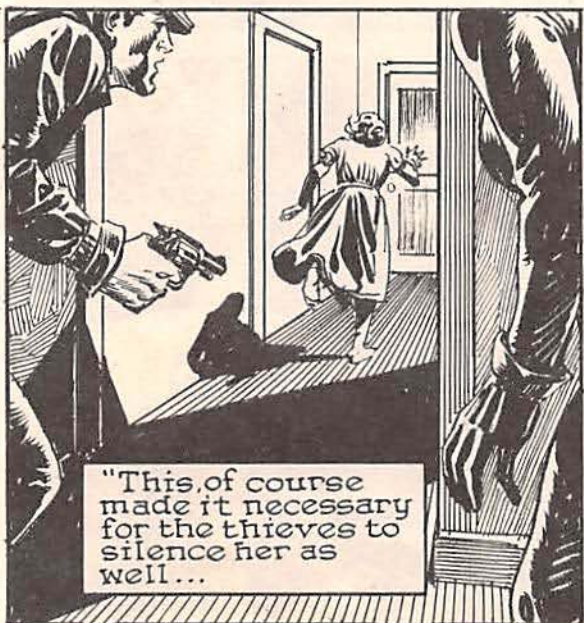
"Even as Mr. Strunk was expiring...



"...his wife, awakened by the scuffle, entered the kitchen, saw what had become of her husband...



"...and screamed.



"This, of course made it necessary for the thieves to silence her as well...



"...which they did...



"...at the door of Frederick's nursery.

"The sound
no doubt
awakened
the child..."



"...but rather
than killing
him..."



"...they somehow
muffled his cries..."



"...and added him
to their loot."

"At some later date, Frederick
was sold to a couple later
identified as Walter ('Stork')
Fingle and Isabel Tront, a
small-time procurer and his
prostitute, respectively."



"Precisely why they
wanted the child
remains unknown--
perhaps some perverse
parenting impulse,
perhaps something
worse."

"In any event,
according to
Subject's own
account..."



"...by the age
of six, he was
learning their
trade."

HEY,
MISTER--
WANNA GO OUT
WITH MY
MOM...?

"The extent to which Subject's sexuality was warped by what he saw in those years cannot be overstated.



"...nor the effects of the cruelties he suffered...



"...at Fingle's hands.



TOLDJA A MILLYUN TIMES...



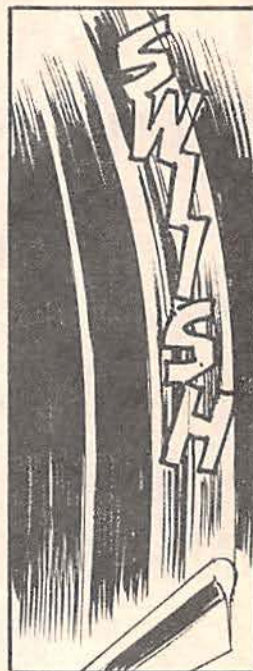
--DIDN'T I?



YESSIR.



WUZZAT...?



THEN SEE IT DON'T HAPPEN AGAIN...

...OR NEXT TIME, I CUT YA UP GOOD.



"In fact, such punishments must have been administered routinely...



"...if the scars over Subject's body are any indication.



"Again by his own account..."

"He freely admits to the circumstances of his departure."

"...Frederick remained in this environment until his early teens."

"Indeed he takes inordinate pride at having mastered the use of Fingle's disciplinary tool."

"...and at having employed it to slit his custodians' throats in their sleep."

"Police records corroborate the time frame..."

"...and the details..."

"Subject spent the next several years as an itinerant, surviving on the fruits of mugging and petty thefts."

"He claims to have slept outdoors for much of this time, regardless of weather."

"...of Fingle and Tront's deaths."

"...and it was during this period, he asserts...

"Obviously, such a claim must be viewed with skepticism.

"Yet it is undoubtedly true that only in fantasy...

"...that he learned to control his dreams.

"...could he have experienced any sense of command over his chaotic existence.

"It was hardly surprising that the dominant theme of the dreams he related to me...

"In his dreams, his hands became Fingle's instrument of torture...

"...was that of sexual ecstasy derived from the exercise of absolute domination, i.e., the power of life and death.

"...and only through the infliction of pain came pleasure.



"In time, Subject's ability to distinguish between fantasy and reality became drastically impaired..."

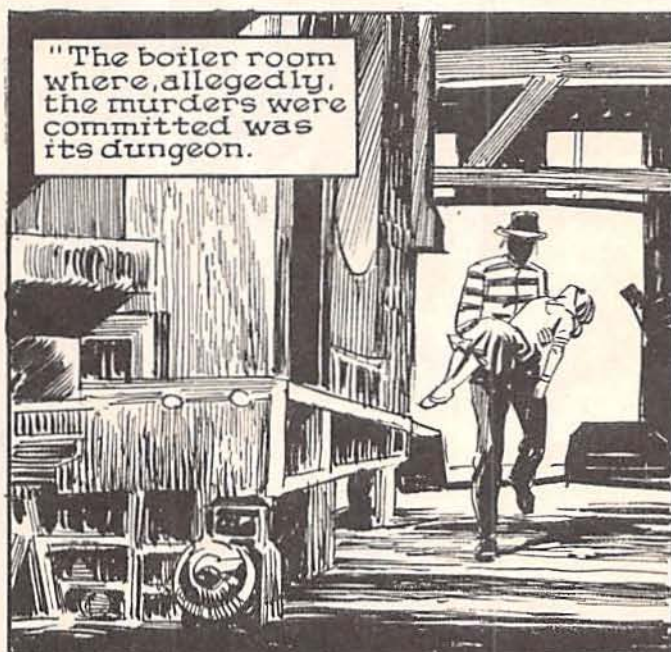


"...until eventually, he eliminated the difference altogether."



"The crimes of which Subject stands accused represent the fusion of his fantasies with reality."

"The abandoned power plant where he resided was his fortress against the world."



"The boiler room where, allegedly, the murders were committed was its dungeon."



"The victims, all children, were as helpless against him as he had been against Fingle."



"In their pain..."



"...he found love."

"His disposal of the bodies seems more a ritual than an effort to conceal his crimes."

"Each was cradled gently in his arms, borne to the boiler..."



"...and thrust into the sacrificial flames, perhaps to purify their souls..."

"...or perhaps to cleanse his. We may never know which."



"None of this should be construed, however, to mean that Subject was unable to distinguish right from wrong."

"Quite clearly, he understood that he was committing murder."



"And quite clearly, he enjoyed it."

"It is therefore my opinion that Frederick Krueger should be judged competent to stand trial."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

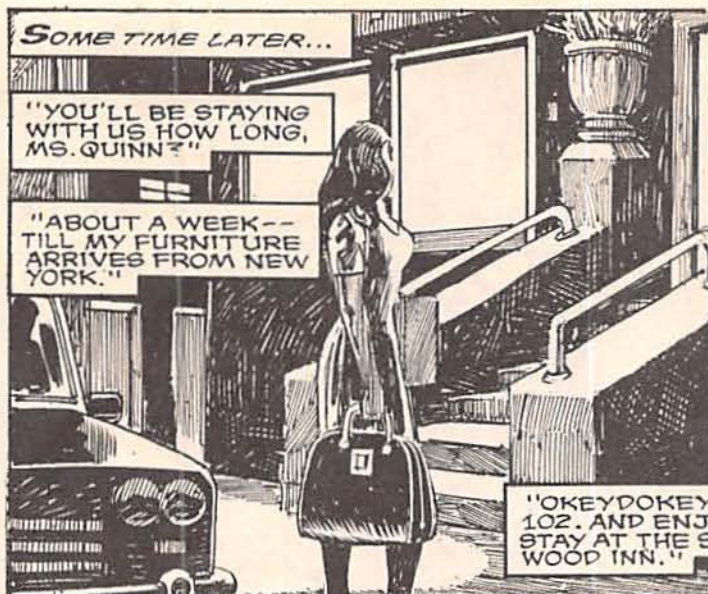


--THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING.

PLEASE EXTINGUISH ALL SMOKING MATERIALS AND FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS, PLEASE.

WE ARE COMMENCING OUR FINAL APPROACH TO SPRINGWOOD...







never
sleep
again

ONE, TWO,
FREDDY'S
COMIN'
FOR
YOU--

WHAT?
WHERE--?



THREE,
FOUR, BETTER
LOCK YOUR
DOOR--

OH, MY
GOD--!

JULIANN?



HOW DID
YOU--
WHERE--?

WORLD
PEACE...

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



WORLD
PEACE...

TO WIN THE
LOTTERY...

THE NEW
GUNS 'N ROSES
ALBUM...

FOR
HIM TO
LEAVE
ME
ALONE...



ONE
LOUSY
NIGHT...

SO I CAN
SLEEP
WITHOUT--







FIGURE IT THIS WAY, JOOLS.

YOU HIT BOTTOM...

...BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY...

IF I LET YOU WAKE UP...

...YOU'LL STILL HAVETA GO TO WORK IN THE MORNING!



MAYBE DEATH--

NO.



MY DREAM. NOT YOURS.

MY DREAM.



I'M NOT FALLING, KRUEGER-- I'M FLYING...

...RISING GENTLY ON SILVER WINGS...!



BACK TO MY BED...

BACK TO MY ROOM...

BACK TO WHERE I'M SAFE...!



NICE TRY, JOOLS...



...BUT I
JUST REVISED
YOUR FLIGHT
PLAN.

I THOUGHT
WE SHOULD
SPEND A LITTLE
TIME TOGETHER
IN MY ROOM.

I WANT
TO GET AS
CLOSE TO YOU
AS YOU'VE
GOTTEN
TO ME.



SO FAR, IT'S
BEEN A PRETTY
ONE-SIDED
RELATIONSHIP.

ZZHINNG

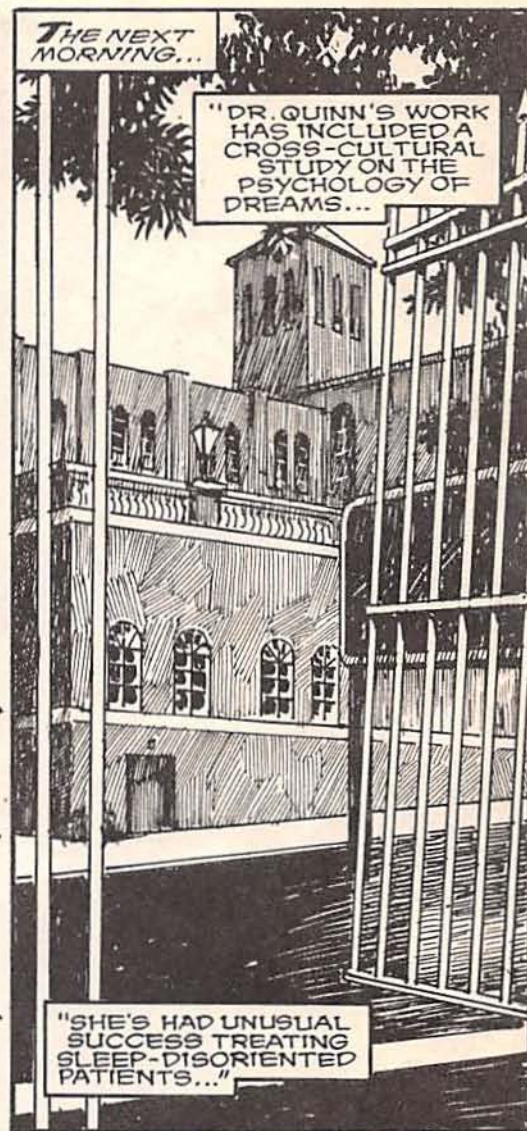


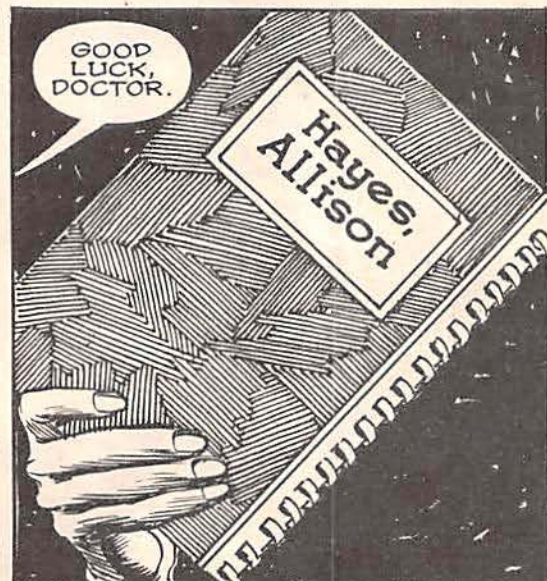
BUT
WE'LL
REMEDY
THAT.

I WON'T
BE SO
DISTANT
FROM
NOW ON.

WE'LL
GET TO KNOW
ONE ANOTHER
INSIDE AND
OUT...!

NO--!!











THAT EVENING...

IT'S A TECHNIQUE FOR MAINTAINING COMPLETE **CONTINUITY OF THOUGHT** FROM THE WAKING STATE INTO DREAMING...

YOU'RE SHINING ME...!

I'M WHAT?

KIDDING. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NO, ALLISON... IT ISN'T.

WE VISUALIZE A PLACE AND **HOLD** THE PICTURE IN OUR MINDS UNTIL THE **INSTANT** WE FALL ASLEEP.

AT PRECISELY THAT MOMENT, WE STEP **INTO** THE PICTURE.

SOUNDS PRETTY FLAKY TO ME...!

THAT'S OKAY...

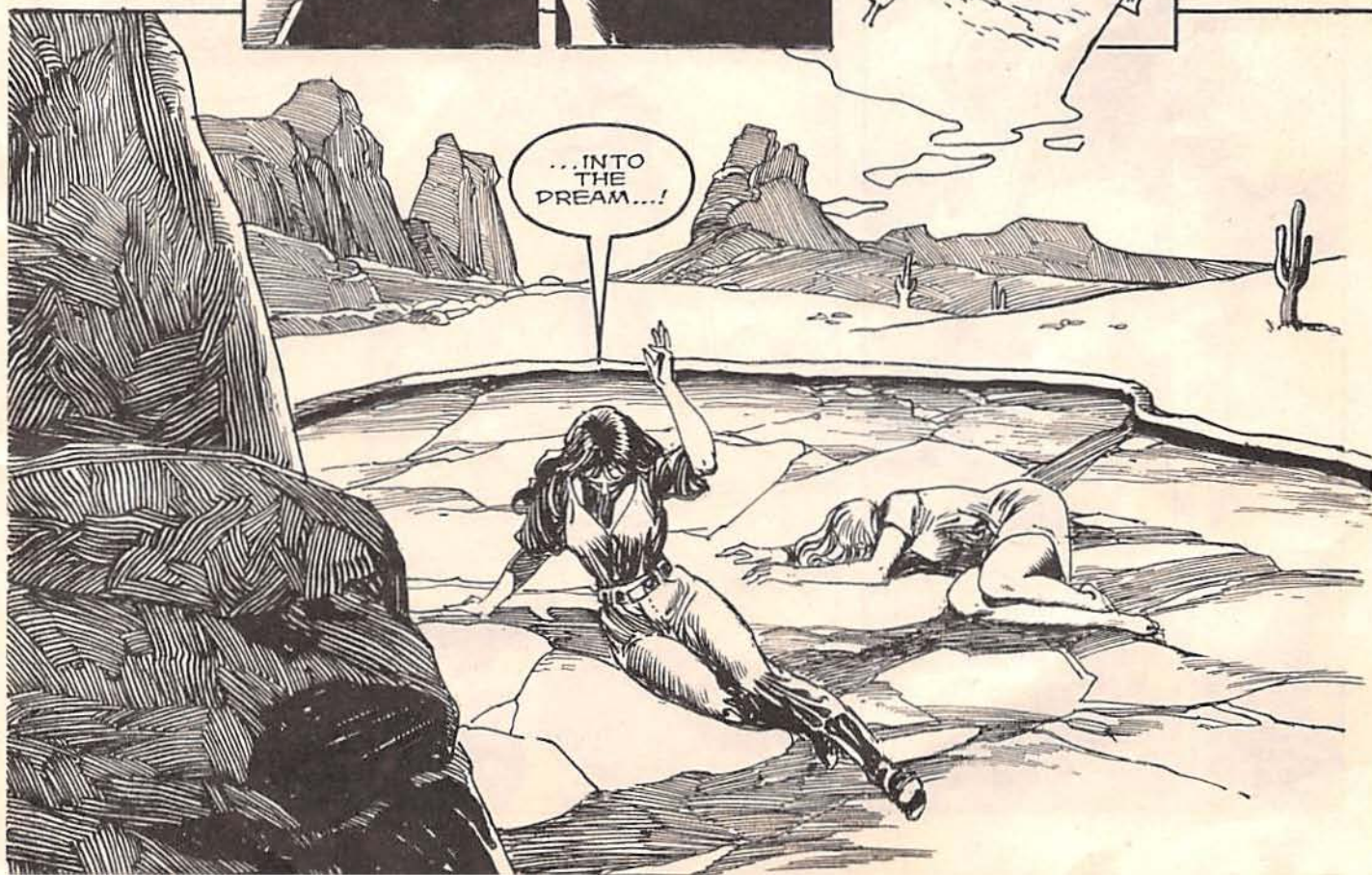
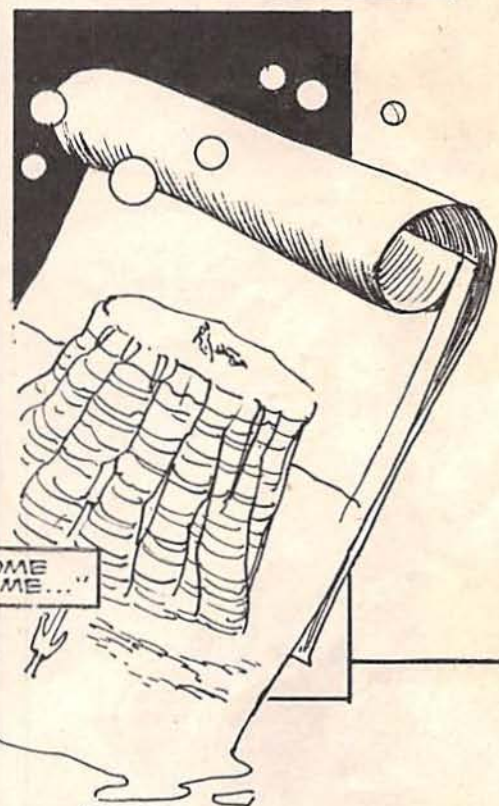
...AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO **TRY** IT.

HERE'S WHERE WE'LL GO-- IT'LL BE TERRITORY WE CONTROL...

...WITH NOWHERE FOR KRUEGER TO **HIDE** IF HE DECIDES TO **JOIN** US.

NOW, LIE BACK... LOOK AT THE PICTURE... AND STAY CONSCIOUS OF MY **TOUCH**.

THE SHARED SENSATION IS WHAT WILL KEEP US TOGETHER...!





WE DID IT?...
WE'RE HERE?...

YES.
BUT NOW
YOU'VE GOT
TO TAKE
CONTROL
OF THE DREAM.

HUH?

DREAM
YOURSELF
HEALED.

YOU'RE
NOT BOUND
BY **PHYSICAL**
REALITY. YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
WEAR THAT
HOSPITAL
GOWN.



OKAY--
YEAH.

SOMETHING
WAY COOL...!

SEARCH
YOUR MIND.
FIND AN IMAGE
OF **POWER**--
AND WEAR
THAT.



I SAW IT
ON A **LADY**
WRESTLER
ONCE--!

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN,
TONIGHT'S
MAIN
EVENT!

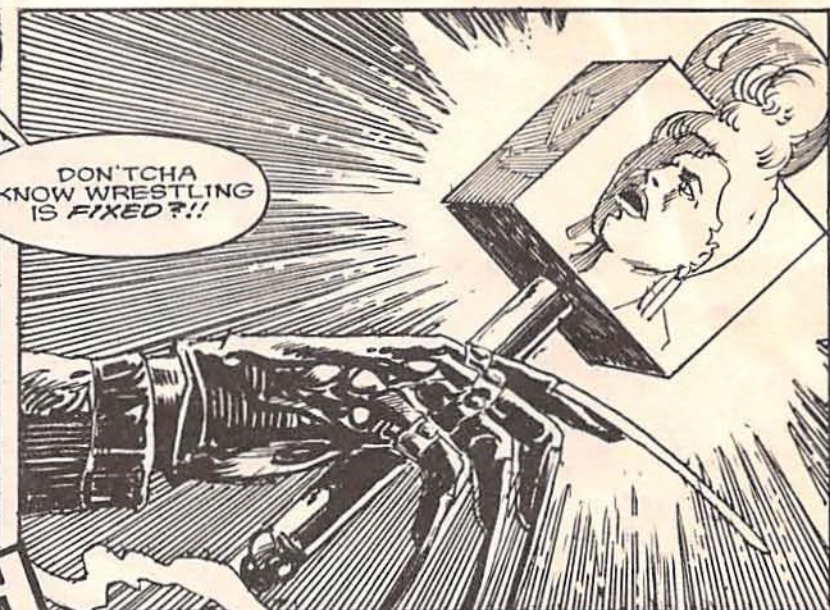


THIS MATCH IS
SCHEDULED FOR
ONE FALL--

--**YOURS**!

WITH
NO TIME
LIMIT--AND
NO HOLDS
BARRED!

KRUEGER?!
HOW--?!





I DIDN'T
WANT YOU TO
DIE WITHOUT
SEEING MY
INTELLECTUAL
SIDE.

I CAN BE
A VERY DEEP
THINKER!

TAKE A
MOMENT
AND LET
THAT SINK
IN...!

HAHAHA

TO BE CONCLUDED
NEXT ISSUE!